

LIKE MASTER,

LIKE

M A N.

Henrietta

A

Preston

COMEDY

OF

TWO ACTS.

Alter'd from Sir JOHN VANBRUGH.

As Perform'd at the

THEATRE, in SMOCK-ALLEY.

D U B L I N:

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Dramatis Personæ.

Smock-Alley, Crow-Street.

<i>Carlos,</i>	Mr. MOSSOP.	Mr. T. BARRY.
<i>Sancho,</i>	Mr. RYDER.	Mr. HAMILTON.
<i>Lopez,</i>	Mr. EDWIN.	
<i>Leonora,</i>	Miss SLACK.	Mrs. KELF.
<i>Jacinta,</i>	Mrs. JEFFERYS.	Miss AMBROSS.



LIKE MASTER, LIKE MAN, &c.



A C T I.

S C E N E I. *The Street.*

Enter Carlos and Sancho.

Car. I Tell thee, I am satisfy'd, I'm in Love enough to be suspicious of every Body.

San. And yet methinks, Sir, you should leave me out.

Car. It may be so ; I can't tell : but I'm not at Ease. If they don't make a Knave, at least they'll make a Fool of thee.

San. I don't believe a Word on't : But good faith, Master your Love makes somewhat of you ; I don't know what 'tis ; but methinks when you suspect me, you don't seem Man of half those Parts I us'd to take you for. Look in my Face, 'tis round and comely, not one hollow Line of Villain in it : Men of my Fabrick don't use to be suspected for Knaves ; and when you take us for Fools, we never take you for wise men. For my Part, in this present Case, I take myself to be mighty deep. A Stander-by, Sir, sees more than a Gamester. You are pleas'd to be jealous of your poor Mistress without a Cause, she uses you but too well, in my humble Opinion ; she sees you, and talks with you, till I am quite tir'd on't sometimes ; and your Rival that you are so

B

scar'd

scar'd about, forces a Visit upon her, about once in a Fort-night.

Car. Alas, thou art ignorant in these Affairs: He that's the civillest receiv'd is often the least car'd for: Women appear warm to one, to hide a Flame for another. Lorenzo in short appears too compos'd of late to be a rejected Lover, and the Indifference he shews upon the Favours I seem to receive from her, poisons the Pleasure I else should taste in them, and keeps me upon a perpetual Rack. No——I would fain see some of his jealous Transports, have him fire at the Sight o'me, contradict me whenever I speak, affront me wherever he meets me, challenge me, fight me——

San. ——Run you thro' the Guts.

Car. But he's too calm, his Heart's too much at Ease, to leave me mine at Rest.

San. For my Part, Master, I'm not so great a Philosopher as you be, nor (thank my Stars) so bitter a Lover, but what I see——that I generally believe; and when Jacinta tells me she loves me dearly, I have good Thoughts enough of my Person never to doubt the Truth on't. See, here the Baggage comes.

Enter Jacinta, with a Letter.

Hist! Jacinta! my Dear.

Jacin. Who's that? Blunderbuss! Where's your Master?

San. Hard by.

[*Shewing him.*]

Jacin. O, Sir, I'm glad I have found you at last; I believe I have travell'd five Miles after you, and could neither find you at home, nor in the Walks, nor at Church, nor at the Opera, nor——

San. Nor any where else, where he was not to be found; if you had look'd for him where he was, 'twas ten to one but you had met with him.

Jacin. I had, Jack-a-dandy!

Car. But prithee, what's the Matter? Who sent you after me?

Jac. One who's never well but when she sees you, I think; 'twas my Lady.

Car. Dear Jacinta, I fain would flatter myself, but am not able; the Blessing's too great to be my Lot: Yet 'tis
not

not well to trifle with me ; how short soe'er I am in other Merit, the Tenderness I have for Leonora claims something from her Generosity ; I should not be deluded.

Jacin. And why do you think you are ? methinks she's pretty well above board with you, what must be done more to satisfy you ?

San. Why, Lorenzo must hang himself, and then we are content.

Jacin. How ! Lorenzo !

San. If less will do, he'll tell you.

Jacin. Why, you are not mad, Sir, are you ? Jealous of him ! Pray which Way may this have got into your Head ? I took you for a Man of Sense before.—Is this your Doings, Log ?

[To Sancho.

San. No forsooth, Pert, I'm not much given to Suspicion, as you can tell, Mrs. Forward—If I were, I might find more Cause, I guess, than your Mistress has given our Master here. But I have so many pretty Thoughts of my own Person, Housewife, more than I have of yours, that I stand in dread of no Man.

Jacin. That's the Way to prosper ; however, so far I'll confess the Truth to thee ; at least if that don't do, nothing else will, Men are mighty simple in Love-matters, Sir : When you suspect a Woman's falling off, you fall a plaguing her to bring her on again, attack her with Reason, and a sour Face : Udsife, Sir, attack her with a Fiddle, double your good Humour—give her a Ball—powder your Periwig at her,—let her cheat you at Cards a little, and I'll warrant all's right again.

Car. Say no more ; I have been to blame, but there shall be no more on't.

Jacin. I should punish you but justly however for what's past, if I carry'd back what I have brought you ; But I'm good natur'd, so here 'tis ; open it, and see how wrong you tim'd your Jealousy.

Car. reads.] “ If you love me with that Tenderness, you have made me long believe you do, this Letter will be welcome ; 'tis to tell you, you have Leave to plead a Daugh-

“ter’s Weakness to a Father’s Indulgence? and if you prevail with him to lay his Commands upon me, you shall be as happy as my Obedience to them can make you.

LEONORA.”

Then I shall be what Man was never yet; (*Kissing the Letter.*) ten thousand Blessings on thee for thy News, I could adore thee as a Deity. [*Embracing Jacinta.*

San. True Flesh and Blood, every Inch of her, for all that.

Car. reads again.] “And if you prevail with him to lay his Commands upon me, you shall be as happy as my Obedience to them can make you

O happy, happy Carlos! But what shall I say to thee for this welcome Message? (*To Jacinta*) Alas! I want Words—But let this speak for me, and this, and this, and——

[*Giving her his Ring Watch and Purse.*

San. Hold, Sir; pray leave a little something for our Board-Wages. You can’t carry them all, I believe: (*To Jacinta*) Shall I ease thee of this? (*Offering to take the Purse.*

Jacin. No; but you may carry——That, Sirrah.

[*Giving him a Box o’th’ Ear.*

San. The Jade’s grown Purse-proud already.

Car. Well, dear Jacinta, say something to your charming Mistress, that I am not able to say myself: But above all, excuse my late unpardonable Folly, and offer her my Life to expiate my Crime.

Jacin. The best Plea for Pardon will be never to repeat the Fault.

Car. If that will do, ’tis seal’d for ever.

Jacin. Enough; but I must be gone: Success attend you with the old Gentleman. Good-by t’ye, Sir. [*Exit Jacin.*

Car. Eternal Blessings follow thee.

San. I think she has taken them all with her; the Jade has got her Apron full.

Car. Is not that Lorenzo’s Man coming this Way?

San. Yes, ’tis he. Shall I draw him on a Scotch Pair of Boots, Master, and make him tell all?

Car. Some Questions I must ask him; call him hither.

San. Hem, Lopez, hem!

Enter

Enter Lopez.

Lop. Who calls?

San. I, and my Master.

Lop. I can't stay,

San. You can indeed, Sir.

(Laying hold of him.)

Car. Whither in such Haste, honest Lopez? What! upon some Love Errand?

Lop. Sir, your Servant; I ask your Pardon, but I was going——

Car. I guess where; but you need not be shy of me any more, thy Master and I are no longer Rivals, I have yielded up the Cause; the Lady will have it so, so I submit.

Lop. Is it possible, Sir? Shall I then live to see my Master and you Friends again?

San. Yes; and what's better, thou and I shall be Friends too. There will be no more Fear of Christian Bloodshed, I give thee up Jacinta; she's a slippery Housewife, to Master and I are going to match ourselves elsewhere.

Lop. But is it possible, Sir, your Honour should be in Earnest? I'm afraid you're pleas'd to be merry with your poor humble Servant.

Car. I'm not at present much dispos'd to Mirth, my Indifference in this Matter is not so thoroughly soem'd; but my Reason has so far master'd my Passion, to shew me 'tis in vain to pursue a Woman whose Heart is already another's. 'Tis what I have so plainly seen of late, I have rous'd my Resolution to my Aid, and broke my Chains for ever.

Lop. Well, Sir, to be plain with you, this is the joyfullest News I have heard this long Time; for I always knew you to be a mighty honest Gentleman, and good Faith it often went to the Heart o'me to see you so abused. Dear, dear, have I often said to myself (when they have had a private Meeting just after you have been gone—

Car. Ha!

San. Hold, Master, don't kill him yet. *(To Car. aside.)*

Lop. I say I have said to myself, what wicked Things are Women, and what Pity it is they should be suffer'd in a Christian

Christian Country ; what a Shame they should be allow'd to play Will-in-the-Wisp with Men of Honour, and lead them through Thorns and Briars and Rocks, and rugged Ways, till their Hearts are torn in Pieces, like an old Coat in a Fox-Chace ? I say, I have said to myself——

Car. Thou hast said enough to thyself, but say a little more to me : Where were these secret Meetings thou talk'st of ?

Lop. In fundry Places, and by divers Ways ; sometimes in the Cellar, sometimes in the Garret, sometimes in the Court, sometimes in the Gutter ; but the Place where the Kifs of Kisses was given was——

Car. In Hell.

Lop. Sir !

Car. Speak, Fury, what dost thou mean by the Kifs of Kisses ?

Lop. The Kifs of Peace, Sir ; the Kifs of Union ; the Kifs of Consummation.

Car. Thou ly'st, Villain.

Lop. I don't know but I may, Sir.——What the Devil's the Matter now ? *(Aside.)*

Car. There's not one Word of Truth in all thy curst Tongue has utter'd.

Lop. No, Sir, I—— I—— believe there is not.

Car. Why then didst thou say it, Wretch ?

Lop. O——only in Jest, Sir.

Car. I am not in a jesting Condition.

Lop. Nor I——at present, Sir.

Car. Speak then the Truth, as thou wouldst do it at the Hour of Death.

Lop. Yes, at the Gallows, and be turn'd off as soon as I've done. *(Aside.)*

Car. What's that you murmur ?

Lop. Nothing but a short Prayer.

Car. I am distracted, and fright the Wretch from telling me what I am upon the Rack to know. *(Aside)* Forgive me, Lopez, I am to blame to speak thus harshly to thee : Let him obtain thy Pardon. *(Gives him Money)* Thou see'st I'm disturb'd. *Lop.*

Lop. Yes, Sir; I see I have been led into a Snare; I have said too much.

Car. And yet thou must say more; nothing can lessen my Torment, but a farther Knowledge of what causes my Misery. Speak then; Have I any Thing to hope?

Lop. Nothing; but that you may be a happier Batchelor, than my Master may probably be a married Man.

Car. Married, say'st thou?

Lop. I did, Sir, and I believe he'll say so too in a Twelve-month.

Car. O Torment!——But give me more on't: when, now, to who, where?

Lop. Yesterday, to Leonora, by the Parson in the Pantry.

Car. Look to't, if this be false, thy Life shall pay the Torment thou hast given me: Be gone.

Lop. With the Body and the Soul o'me. [*Exit Lopez.*]

San. Base News, Master.

Car. Now my insulting Rival's Smile speaks out: O cursed, cursed Women!

Enter Jacinta.

Jacin. I'm come in Haste to tell you, Sir, that as soon as the Moon's up, my Lady will give you a Meeting in the Close-Walk by the Back-Door of the Garden; she thinks she has something to propose to you will certainly get her Father's Consent to marry you.

Car. Past Sufferance! this Aggravation is not to be borne: go, thank her——with my Curses: Fly——and let them blast her, while their Venom's strong. [*Exit Car.*]

Jacin. ——Won't thou explain? What's this Storm for?

San. And dar'st thou ask me Questions, smooth-fac'd Iniquity, Crocodile of Nile, Syren of the Rocks? Go, carry back the too gentle Answer thou hast receiv'd; only let me add with the Poet:

“ We are no Fools, Trollop, my Master, nor me;

“ And thy Mistress may go——to the Devil with thee

[*Exit Sancho Jacinta*]

Jacinta sola.

Am I awake! — I fancy not; a very idle Dream this. Well; I'll go talk in my Sleep to my Lady about it; and when I awake, we'll try what Interpretation we can make on't.



A C T II.

Enter Leonora and Jacinta.

Jacin. **Y**OU see me as much enrag'd at it, as you are yourself, yet my Brain is roving after the Cause, for something there must be; never Letter was receiv'd by Man with more Passion and Transport; I was almost as charming a Goddess as yourself, only for bringing it. Yet when in a Moment after I come with a Message worth a dozen on't, never was Witch so handled; something must have pass'd between one and t'other, that's sure.

Leo. Nothing cou'd pass worth my enquiring after, since nothing cou'd happen that can excuse his Usage of me; he had a Letter under my Hand which own'd him Master of my Heart; and till I contradicted it with my Mouth, he ought not to doubt the Truth on't.

Jacin. Nay I confess, Madam, I ha'nt a Word to say for him, I'm afraid he's but a Rogue at bottom, as well as my Shameless that attends him; we are bit, by my Troth, and haply well enough serv'd, for listning to the glib Tongues of the Rascals.

Leo. Well: Let him laugh; let him glory in what he has done: He shall see I have a Spirit can use him as I ought.

Jacin. And let one Thing be your Comfort by the Way, Madam, that in spite of all your dear Affections to him, you have had the Grace to keep him at Arms End. You han't thank'd me for't; but good Faith 'twas well I did not stir out of the Chamber that fond Night. For there are Times the stoutest of us are in Danger, the Rascals wheedle so.

Leo.

Leo. In short, my very Soul is fir'd with this Treatment: and if ever that perfidious Monster should relent, tho' he shou'd crawl like a poor Worm beneath my Feet, nay plunge a Dagger in his Heart, to bleed for Pardon; I charge thee strictly, charge thee on thy Life, thou do not urge a Look to melt me toward him, but strongly buy me up in brave Resentment; and if thou seest (which Heav'n's avert) a Glance of Weakness in me, rouse to my Memory the vile Wrongs I have born, and blazon them with Skill in all their glaring Colours.

Jacin. Madam, never doubt me; I'm charg'd to the Mouth with Fury, and if ever I meet that Traytor of mine, such a Volly will I pour about his Ears—Now Heav'n prevent all hasty Vows; but in the Humour I am, methinks I'd carry my Maiden-Head to my cold Grave with me, before I'd let it simmer at the Rascal, but come, come Madam we'll be reveng'd on them never fear. (*Exeunt.*)

Enter Don Carlos and Sancho.

Car. Repuls'd again! This is not to be borne. What tho' this Villain's Story be a Falshood, was I to blame to hearken to it? This Usage cannot be supported: How was it she treated thee?

San. Never was Ambassado worse receiv'd. Madam, my Master asks ten thousand Pardons, and humbly begs one Moment's Interview:—Be gone, you Rascal you. Madam, what Answer shall I give my Master?—Tell him he's a Villain. Indeed, fair Lady, I think this is hasty Treatment—Here, my Footmen, toss me this Fellow out at the Window; and away she went to her Devotions.

Car. Did you see *Jacinta*?

San. Yes; she saluted me with half-a-score Rogues and Rascals too. I think our Destinies are much alike, Sir: And o'my Conscience, a couple of scurvy Jades we are hamper'd with.

Car. Ungrateful Women, to receive with such Contempt so quick a Return of a Heart so justly alarm'd.

San. Ha, ha, ha.

C

Car.

Car. What, no Allowance to be made to the first Transports of a Lover's Fury, when rous'd by so dreadful an Appearance? As just as my Suspensions were, have I long suffer'd them to arraign her?

San. No.

Car. Have I waited for Oaths or Imprecations to clear her?

San. No.

Car. Nay, even now is not the whole World still in suspense about her? whilst I alone conclude her innocent.

San. 'Tis very true.

Car. She might, methinks, thro' this profound Respect, observe a Flame another would have cherish'd; she might support me against groundless Fears, and save me from a Rival's Tyranny; she might release me from these cruel Racks, and wou'd, no doubt, if she cou'd, love as I do.

San. Ha, ha, ha

Car. But since she don't, what do I whining here? Curse on the base Humilities of Love.

San. Right.

Car. Let Children kiss the Rod that fleas them, let Dogs lie down and lick the Shoe that spurns them.

San. Ay.

Car. I am a Man by Nature meant for Power; the Scepter's given us to wield, and we betray our Trust whenever we meanly lay it at a Woman's Feet.

San. True, we are Men, boo — Come, Master, let us both be in a Passion; here's my Scepter, (*Shewing a Cudgel*) Subject Jacinta, look about you. Sir, was you ev'r in Muscovy? the Women there love the Men dearly; why? because — (*Shaking his Stick*) there's your Love powder for you. Ah, Sir, were we but wise and stout, what Work shou'd we make with them; But this humble Love making spoils them all. A rare Way indeed to bring Matters about with them; we are persuading them all Day they are Angels and Goddesses, in Order to use them at Night like human Creatures; we are like to succeed truly.

Car.

Car. For my Part, I never yet cou'd bear a Slight from any Thing, nor will I now. There's but one Way however to resent it from a Woman; and that's to drive her bravely from your Heart, and place a worthier in her vacant Throne.

San. Now with Submission to my Betters, I have another Way, Sir, I'll drive my Tyrant from my Heart, and place myself in her Throne. Yes; I will be Lord of my own Tenement, and keep my Household in Order. Wou'd you, wou'd do so too, Master; for, look you, I have been Servitour in a College at Salamanca, and read Philosophy with the Doctors; where I found that a Woman, in all Times, has been observ'd to be an Animal hard to understand, and much inclin'd to Mischief. Now as an Animal is always an Animal, and a Captain always a Captain, so a Woman is always a Woman: Whence it is that a certain Greek says, her Head is like a Bank of Sand; or, as another, a solid Rock; or, according to a third, a dark Lanthorn. Pray, Sir, observe, for this is close Reasoning; and so as the Head is the Head of the Body; and that the Body without a Head, is like a Head without a Tail; and that where there is neither Head nor Tail, 'tis a very strange Body: So I say a Woman is by Comparison, do you see (for nothing explains things like Comparisons) I say by Comparison, as Aristotle has often said before me, one may compare her to the raging Sea; for as the Sea, when the Wind rises, knits its Brows like an angry Bull, and that Waves mount upon Rocks, and Rocks mount upon Waves; that Porpusses leap like Trouts, and Whales skip about like Gudgeons; that Ships roll like Beer Barrels, and Mariners pray like Saints; just so, I say, a Woman ——— A Woman, I say, just so, when her Reason is shipwreck'd upon her Passion, and the Hulk of her Understanding lies thump, thump, thumping against the Rock of her Fury; then it is, I say, that by certain Immotions, which ———um ——— cause, as one may suppose, a sort of Convulsive ——— yes ——— hurricanicous ——— um ——— like ——— in short, a Woman is like the Devil. But here come the Crocodiles to weep us into Mercy.

Enter Leonora and Jacinta.

Master, let us shew ourselves Men, and leave their briny Tears to wash their dirty Faces.

Car. It is not in the Power of Charms to move me.

San. Nor me, I hope; and yet I fear those Eyes will look out sharp to snatch up such a Prize.

[Pointing to Jacinta.]

Jacin. He's coming to us, Madam, to beg Pardon; but sure you'll never grant it him?

Leo. If I do, may Heav'n ne'er grant me mine.

Jacin. That's brave.

Car. You look, Madam, upon me, as if you thought I came to trouble you with my usual Importunities; I'll ease you of that Pain, by telling you, my Business now is calmly to assure you, but I assure it you with Heav'n and Hell for Seconds; for may the Joys of one fly from me, whilst the Pains of t'other overtake me, if all your Charms display'd e'er shake my Resolution; I'll never see you more.

San. Bon.

Leo. You are a Man of that nice Honour, Sir, I know you'll keep your Word; I expected this Assurance from you, and came this Way only to thank you for't.

Jacin. Very well.

Car. You did, imperious Dame, you did: How base is Woman's Pride? How wretched are the Ingredients it is form'd of. If you saw Cause for just Disdain, why did you not at first repulse me? Why lead a Slave in Chains, that cou'd not grace your Triumphs? If I am thus to be contemned, think on the Favours you have done the Wretch, and hide your Face for ever.

San. Well argued.

Leo. I own you have hit the only Fault the World can charge me with; the Favours I have done to you, I am indeed ashamed of; but since Women have their Frailties, you'll allow me mine.

Car. 'Tis well, extremely well, Madam. I'm happy however, you at last speak frankly. I thank you for it; from
my

my Soul I thank you : but don't expect me groveling at your Feet again ; don't, for if I do——

Leo. You will be treated as you deserve ; trod upon.'

Car. Give me Patience ;——but I don't want it ; I am calm : Madam, farewell ; be happy if you can ; by Heav'n's I wish you so, but never spread your Net for me again ; for if you do——

Leo. You'll be running into it.

Car. Rather run headlong into Fire and Flames ; rather be torn with Pincers Bit from Bit——But I am wrong ; this sounds like Passion, and Heaven can tell I am not angry : Madam, I think we have no farther Business together ; your most humble Servant.

Leo. Farewel t'ye, Sir.

Car. Come along.

[To Sancho.

[Goes to the Scene, and returns.

Yet once more before I go (lest you should doubt my Resolution) may I starve, perish, rot, be blasted, dead, damn'd, or any other Thing that Men or Gods can think on, if on any Occasion whatever, Civil or Military, Pleasure or Business, Love or Hate, or any other Accident of Life, I, from this Moment, change one Word or Look with you

(Going off, Sancho claps him upon the Back.

Leo. Content : Come away, Jacinta.

Carlos returns.

Car. Yet one word, Madam, if you please ; I have a little Thing here belongs to you, a foolish Bawble I once was fond of. *(Tawitching her Picture from his Breast)* Will you accept a Trifle from your Servant ?

Leo. Willingly, Sir ; I have a Bawble too I think you have some Claim to ; you'll wear it for my Sake.

(Breasts a Bracelet from her Arm, and gives it him)

Car. Most thankfully ; this too I shou'd restore you, it once was yours——

(Giving her a Table-Book)

By your Favour, Madam——there is a Line or two in it, I think you did me once the Honour to write with your own fair Hand. Here it is.

(Reads)

To

LIKE MASTER,

*You love me, Carlos, and would know
The secret Movements of my Heart :
Whether I give you mine or no,
With yours, methinks, I'd never, never part.*

Thus you have encourag'd me, and thus you have deceiv'd me.

San. Very true.

Leo. I have some faithful Lines too; I think I can produce 'em.

(Pulls out a Table-Book; reads, and then gives it him.)

*How long soe'er to fight in vain
My Destiny may prove,
My Fate (in Spite of your Disdain)
Will let me glory in your Chain,
And give me Leave eternally to love.*

There, Sir, take your Poetry again

[Throwing it at his Feet.]

'Tis not much the worse for my wearing; 'till serve again upon a fresh Occasion.

Jacin. Well done.

Car. I believe I can return the Present, Madam, with—
a Pocket full of your Prose——There——

[Throwing a Handful of Letters at her Feet.]

Leo. Jacinta, give me his Letters. There, Sir, not to be behind hand with you.

[Takes a Handful of his Letters out of a Box, and throws them in his Face.]

Jacin. And there, and there, and there, Sir.

(Jacinta throws the rest at him.)

San. 'Cods my Life, we want Ammunition; but for a lift——There, and there, you saucy Slut you

[Sancho pulls a Pack of dirty Cards out of his Pocket, and throws 'em at her; then they close; he pulls off her Head-Cloaths, and she his Wig, and then part, she running to her Mistress, he to his Master.]

Jacin.

Jacin. I think, Madam, we have clearly the better on't.

Leo. For a Proof, I resolve to keep the Field.

Jacin. Have a Care he don't rally and beat you yet tho':
pray walk off.

Leo. Fear nothing.

Sen. How the Armies stand and gaze at one another after the Battle; What think you, Sir, of shewing yourself a great General, by making an honourable Retreat?

Car. I scorn it.

Sen. Sir!

Car. I scorn it.

Sen. Oh!

Car. Oh Leonora! Leonora! A Heart like mine should not be treated thus.

Leo. Carlos! Carlos! I have not deserv'd this Usage.

Car. Barbarous Leonora! but 'tis useless to reproach you; she that is capable of what you have done, is form'd too cruel ever to repent of it. Go on then, Tyrant; make your Bliss compleat; torment me still, for still, alas! I love enough to be tormented.

Leo. Ah Carlos! little do you know the tender Movements of that Thing you name; the Heart where Love presides, admits no Thought against the Honour of its Ruler.

Car. 'Tis not to call that Honour into Doubt, if conscious of our own Unworthiness, we interpret every Frown to our Destruction.

Leo. When Jealousy proceeds from such humble Apprehensions, it shews itself with more Respect than yours has done.

Car. And where a Heart is guiltless, it easily forgives a greater Crime.

Leo. Forgiveness is not now in our Debate; if both have been in Fault, 'tis fit that both should suffer for it; our Separation will do Justice on us.

Car. But since we are ourselves the Judges of our Crimes, what if we should inflict a gentler Punishment?

Leo. 'Twould but encourage us to sin again.

Car. And if it should——

Leo. 'Twould give a fresh Occasion for the pleasing Exercise of Mercy.

Car.

Car. Right ; and so we act the Part of Earth and Heav'n together, of Men and Gods, and taste of both their Pleasures.

Leo. The Banquet's too inviting to refuse it.

Car. Then thou let us fall on, and feed upon't for ever.

[*Carries her off, embracing her, and kissing her Hand.*]

Jacin. Ah Woman ! foolish, foolish Woman !

San. Very foolish indeed

Jacin. But don't expect I'll follow her Example.

San. You wou'd, Mopsy, if I'd let you.

Jacin. I'd sooner tear my Eyes out ; ah—— that she had a little of my Spirit in her.

San. I believe I shall find thou hast a great deal of her Flesh, my Charmer ; but 'twont do ; I am all Rock, hard Rock, very Marble.

Jacin. A very Pumice-stone, you Rascal you, if one wou'd try thee ; but to prevent thy Humilities, and shew thee all Submission would be in vain ; to convince thee thou hast nothing but Misery and Despair before thee, here——take back thy paultry Thimble, and be in my Debt, for the Shirts I have made thee with it.

San. Nay, if y're at that 'port. Mistress, I believe I shall lose nothing by the Balance of thy Presents. There take thy Tobacco-stopper, and stop thy——

Jacin. Here——take thy Sattin Pincushion, with thy curious half Hundred of Pins in't, thou mad'st such a vapouring about Yesterday : Tell them carefully, there's not one wanting.

San. There's thy Ivory-hafted Knife again, whet it well ; 'tis so blunt 'twill cut nothing but Love.

Jacin. And there's thy pretty Pocket Scissars, thou hast honour'd me with, they'll cut off a Leg or an Arm, Heav'n bless them.

San. Here's the enchanted Handkerchief you were pleas'd to endear with your precious Blood, when the Violence of your Love at Dinner, t'other Day made you cut your Fingers.——— There.

(*Blows hi. Nose in it, and gives it her.*
Jacin.

Jacin. The Rascal so provokes me, I won't even keep his paultry Garters from him. D'you see these? You pitiful, beggarly Scoundrel you: ——— There, take 'em, there.

(She takes her Garters off, and flaps them about his Face.

San. I have but one Thing more of thine. *(Shewing his Cudgel)* I own 'tis the Top of all thy Presents, and might be useful to me; but that thou may'st have nothing to upbraid me with, e'en take it again with the rest of them.

(Lifting it up to strike her, she leaps about his Neck.

Jacin. Ah cruel Sancho! ——— Now beat me, Sancho, do.

San. Rather, like Indian Beggars, beat my precious self. Rather let Infants Blood about the Streets,
Rather let all the Wine about the Cellar,
Rather let ——— *Oh Jacinta ——— thou hast o'ercome.

(Throws away his Stick, and embraces her.

How foolish are the great Resolves of Man!
Resolves, which we neither would keep, nor can.
When those bright Eyes in Kindness please to shine,
Their Goodness I must needs return, with mine:
Bless my Jacinta in her Sancho's Arms ———

Jacin. And I my Sancho with Jacinta's Charms.

[*Exeunt.*

F I N I S.





